William Howard Wheat

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM ILLINOIS

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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U.S. 78th Cong., 2d Sess., 1944. House.

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

William Howard Wheat

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM ILLINOIS

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT was born in Kahoka, Clark County, Mo., February 19, 1879; attended the public schools of Brookfield and Chillicothe, Mo., and Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; clerk in clothing stores in Quincy and Bloomington, Ill.; moved to Thomasboro, Ill., in 1900, becoming engaged as bookkeeper and later cashier of a bank; in 1909 moved to Rantoul, Ill., and served as vice president and president of banking institutions; also interested in agriculture; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill., for a number of years; unsuccessful candidate for election to the Seventy-fifth Congress; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses, and served from January 3, 1939, until his death in Washington, D. C., January 16, 1944; interment in Maplewood Cemetery, Rantoul, Ill.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 9, 1944.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address_____ Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address_____ Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps_____ Musician Edward Masters

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

William Howard Wheat

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1944.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang There Is No Death.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1888; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923–28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906–10; member of the State senate, 1913–16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917–18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920–22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Lecompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896–1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907–09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909–10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901–08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906–10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911–21; county judge, 1921–28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–18; county attorney, 1918–28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929–36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924–40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912–25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902–8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906–10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907–14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businesman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906–9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917–18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896–98; State senator 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920–34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and ofttimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The known from the unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Through the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
  And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
  What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
  Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
  I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
  With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
  And everywhere
That a thought may dare
  To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
  Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
  Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
  Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
  Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
  To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
  The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
  In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
  Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
  Are tripled by the score.

Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, A Nation's Strength. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem The Job. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! it won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
William Howard Wheat

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Allen

Of Illinois

Mr. SPEAKER: In the passing of WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT this House lost one who was an outstanding Representative of that quality of citizenship of which his people are so justly proud.

Born in Missouri of God-serving parents, he, in common with the average American boy, attended public school, college, and business college. He settled in Rantoul, Ill., where he married. He became a successful farmer and banker. He was elected to the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and was serving in the Seventy-eighth Congress when he passed away.

I feel that all who here knew him share with me difficulty in expressing our real depth of sorrow and our profound regret.

Unassuming, caring little for the spotlight, yet quietly and effectively tireless in his efforts in behalf of his constituents and his country, he was of the mold that is at once great and humble.

His memory will remain a precious heritage to those of us who have been privileged to know him and to serve with him, and he will stand as an example to all who may succeed him.

His clear, intelligent vision, spotless character, calm courage, steadfast devotion to principle, forgetfulness of self, all served as a source of strength to those closely associated with him. His forgetfulness of self was manifested in the fact that though for weeks in ill health, he insisted upon carrying

on in the interest of his country and the splendid people he had come here to serve.

BILL WHEAT, as we affectionately called him, moved with measured strength to the sanest end; worked with perfect poise to the surest point; held a glorifying faith in enduring things; was honest without getting excited about it; patriotic without bragging about it. A true American. A true friend. A true man.

Mr. Speaker, there is a delicacy which forbids a too great intrusion upon the sacred circle of a family sorrow, but perhaps it may be a comfort to those he loved, in the assurance that in his passing he left an indelible impress upon all who were privileged to know him and serve with him. To those near and dear to him, all of us here express the hope that the God of consolation may visit them with the comfort that garrisons the heart against the devastating effect of pain and sorrow, and that in time they may come to feel and know that in his life he typified the most sacred meaning of the soul in life's devotion. With this realization may there come a peace that no black cloud of today's sorrow may obscure, and no lonely threat of tomorrow defeat.

Remarks by Representative Taber

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: Hon. WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT came to Congress from the Nineteenth District of Illinois in November 1940.

He had a fine service here upon the Naval Affairs Committee and did all that he could to help build up our naval forces for the war.

He was a man of the highest character and finest instincts and the sincerest devotion to duty. We all regret his passing.

Remarks by Representative Case

Of South Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: I want to record my personal affection for WILLIAM H. WHEAT, late Representative from the State of Illinois. We all liked BILL WHEAT for his poise, his friendly smile, his calm confidence in the right as he saw it. An exchange of experiences with him one day revealed that we had many experiences in common as boys from a parsonage home. He knew and others knew that he was not well for months before his death. He said little about it, however, and was cheerful to the end. He believed in his colleagues and in his country. I think it was because he had a fundamental faith that God is in His heaven keeping watch over all.

Remarks by Representative Lemke

Of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

Remarks by Representative Bishop

Of Illinois

Mr. SPEAKER: We pause in these troubled days to pay tribute to a beloved colleague and friend, the late WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, of Illinois, known to all as BILL.

Congressman WHEAT, whose home was in Rantoul, Ill., was serving his third congressional term at the time of his passing. His quiet willingness to aid and assist when within his power endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

His memory is dear to thousands who delighted to call him a friend. He has reared by his conscientious public service an enduring monument. No greater tribute can we pay to any man than that we believe is justly due our departed colleague, when we say that he was faithful to the trust committed to him by a people whom he delighted to serve.

He was an able statesman; he loved his country and took pride in serving it, according to his convictions as to what was best for the country.

While we shall mourn his loss from our midst, our loss will be his gain. For he has gone to that Congress of Saints, where toil and strife are no more and where all is peace happiness, and rest.

Our memory is enriched for having had the pleasure and privilege of associating and working with BILL.

Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all were melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God had erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower lights burning along the shore. They must be kept here, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Remarks by Representative Blackney

Of Michigan

Mr. SPEAKER. The 30th of May, by custom and by legislation, has been designated as Memorial Day, at which time we pay tribute to our departed dead, whose services to their country have endeared their memories to State and Nation. It is a fine tribute for a nation to pause in the midst of a great global war to pay tribute to these departed heroes because it shows that the heart of the Nation is fundamentally sound and appreciative.

Likewise, Congress, by long custom, has established a memorial day, on which occasion tribute is paid to those departed Members, who have endeared themselves not only to the Members of the House and Senate, but to their constituents at home.

Since the last memorial roll call, 3 Senators and 10 Representatives have departed this life, leaving their memories embedded in the hearts of their surviving colleagues.

On this memorial-service day, I wish to pay tribute to the memory of my former colleague and friend, WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, who for 5 years represented the Nineteenth District of the State of Illinois faithfully and well. Since the first day that I met my departed colleague, I felt the impress of his splendid character and outstanding virtues.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT became a member of the great Naval Affairs Committee, and it was there in our committee that I learned to appreciate fully his great integrity as a public servant, his fine views of public affairs, and his zeal toward the successful termination of the great war in which we are now engaged.

Our Nation needs more men of the character of WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, and I think the poet had men of his type in mind when he said:

Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess a conscience and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie—
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog.

In the hectic days of Congress, WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT remained calm and thoughtful. When others were excited, he was well poised and deliberative. He was modest in demeanor, earnest in action, faithful to his trust; and when the shades of eternal night descended upon him, it could be said of him, as of the Apostle Paul, "He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith."

Francis Thompson, in one of his beautiful poems, said:

For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till time, the hidden root of change, updrives,
Are birth and death inseparable on earth,
For they are twain yet one, and death is birth.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT was an outstanding Congressman during his period of service, a great believer in constitutional government, a preserver of those fine institutions which have made America great, and a faithful conscientious, and efficient public servant.

Tennyson, in that beautiful poem of his, says:

And the stately ships sail on
To the haven under the hill,
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

And while we no longer hear the voice of our departed colleague, no longer grasp his friendly hand, yet his memory will linger with us through the years to come. like the aroma of beautiful flowers.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *January 17, 1944.*

Rev. John C. De Korne, Ph. D., secretary of missions, Christian Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., offered the following prayer:

Our Father which art in heaven, Thou art the source of all that is good. In these days when so much of evil is abroad in the world we need that true good which can come only from Thee.

We pause in the midst of life and behold death, and we acknowledge that Thy ways are right, even when we do not understand.

Comfort those who have been bereaved and make them conscious of the brevity of human life.

Thou are the source of light and of love. In these days when a deep darkness has fallen upon the earth and men, because of their misunderstanding of one another, are flying at one another's throats, we need the light and love that can come only from Thee.

Thou art the God of peace, and in these days when peace still seems so far off we need the insight and the energy and the resources which only Thou canst supply in order to restore peace on earth.

Lord, have Thy way in executive councils, in legislative halls, and in judicial chambers; but most of all in the hearts of men in order that Thou mayest use them in causing Thy will to be done on earth as it is in heaven.

May our Nation walk in humility before God, acknowledging its share of the world's sin that has brought these judgments and calamities upon us, and may we as a Nation wholeheartedly turn to the God of our salvation. Through Jesus Christ Thy Son. Amen.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad mission to announce to the Members of the House of Representatives that yesterday at Georgetown Hospital, here in Washington, our respected and beloved colleague, WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, passed out of the realm of the living into the Great Beyond.

Mr. WHEAT was elected to the House of Representatives January 3, 1939, and served with faithfulness and ability until his passing. Born in Kahoka, Mo., he was the son of Rev. Thomas J. Wheat, Methodist minister, and Mrs. Sarah Martin Wheat. He was educated in the public schools and at Chaddock College and the Gem City Business College in Quincy, Ill. Entering the banking field in 1900, as a cashier at the Thomasboro, Ill., bank, he became 6 years later its cashier and vice president. From 1909 until death, he was president of the First National Bank of Rantoul. He was also engaged in farming.

Mr. WHEAT was a Shriner, an Elk, and a member of the Champaign Country Club. He was a trustee of the Huling Home for the Dependent Children in Rantoul and served as president of the Dads Association of the University of Illinois for two terms. During the World War he was active in procuring for Rantoul designation as the location of the present great air field there located. Surviving are his wife, the former Miss Mabel Williams, of Rantoul, and a son, James H. Wheat, formerly a practicing attorney in Champaign, Ill., and now a private in the Army Air Corps.

Mr. WHEAT served as a faithful and dependable member of the great Naval Affairs Committee of this body.

At a more appropriate time I shall join this membership in a more fitting tribute to our departed colleague. At the moment, however, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the God of Consolation may visit his loved ones with the comfort that garrisons the heart against the devastating effect of sorrow and that they may realize that in his life he typified the most sacred meaning of the soul in devotion to country and loved ones.

I yield now to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Martin].

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, in the death of Representative WHEAT, of Illinois, the country, and the Congress has lost a valuable public servant. A farmer and banker, he was thoroughly conversant with the many difficult problems which confront our country in these critical days. Because of his experience and common sense he was invaluable to his associates as a counsellor. Our beloved deceased colleague was a gentle and kindly man. He was always anxious to extend a helping hand to his friends and colleagues. He was attracted to Congress not because of any material gains, but because of a genuine desire to serve the people and his country. He could have easily earned a much greater reward outside of Congress, but he preferred to devote his energies for the good of the public.

A fine, outstanding Christian gentleman has left us, and we who have been privileged to enjoy his friendship are greatly bereaved.

To his good wife, his boy who is serving so well in the armed forces, and to the rest of his family, we extend our deepest sympathy. They have lost a noble father; we have lost a man whose fine friendship we prized, and the country a rugged, sturdy American.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Dirksen].

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. Speaker, we contemplate another vacant chair. The moving finger has erased another name from the rolls of this body. It has emblazoned another golden star on the banner of this House. WILLIAM WHEAT has been summoned to a higher constituency. We mourn the loss of a rare fellowship, the gentility and graciousness of a splendid Member, a devoted public servant, a useful and constructive citizen.

The fortuities of this existence and the departure of our colleagues from time to time to the great republic of eternity stirs one to deep contemplation. I entertained a deep and abiding affection for WILLIAM WHEAT. As I think of his departure, I can only observe that death is no end, it is but a transition. It is no blind alley. It is but a thoroughfare to a more expansive life. It is no defeat. It is but election to eternal service.

There was a quality in BILL WHEAT which made deep appeal, and I think of that quality in terms of an interesting character in the early history of the Nation who achieved distinction from a very humble service. It was this service that caused grateful people in succeeding generations to erect a monument to his memory in Ohio. I refer to John Chapman, who was born just a year before the Declaration of Independence was signed. History knows him as Johnny "Appleseed" Chapman. It was he who gathered apple seeds from the cider mills of the East and distributed them to the pioneer families who were moving across the Alleghenies to the rich alluvial prairies of Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana. Not only did Johnny "Appleseed" Chapman distribute apple seeds to such families but he scattered seeds wherever he went and then spent 40 years of his life in devoting attention to those trees wherever they grew. Thus did he make an enriching contribution to the benefit of people everywhere in the Midwest and the lovely fragrance of every apple tree which blooms in the spring is like a sweet testimony to the humbler service of a man whose greatness lay in his humility and kindness.

BILL WHEAT was like that. He did not scatter apple seeds. He scattered sunshine. He scattered little kindnesses which made the heart glad. He found pleasure in going out of his way to do little things which scattered and enriched life and softened its severities. He was a dispenser of sunshine and became a beneficiary of his own nobleness and spirit. What a pleasure then as we contemplate the place made vacant

by his departure that we pay tribute to a gracious and humble person who has so abundantly enriched the lives of those with whom he came in close association.

But there was another quality about BILL WHEAT which to me is a great appeal. It was his devotion to the Republic and its traditions and to that living vital faith that we call the American way. In him it was so genuine and deep-seated because it was the moving force in his life. He sprang from humble origin to find his place in the commerce of the State, of the Nation, and never forgot that the recognition which came to him was possible only in a country like America.

In that respect I think of him in terms of the unnamed and unidentified soldier from New Hampshire who fought in the Civil War. He died in 1862 before the great issue of freedom and union was resolved. Before he departed, however, he had opportunity to fashion his own epitaph. Today a stone stands to his memory on one side of which there is this imperishable inscription:

> This side of my monument I dedicate to the sacred cause of liberty and union; may it be preserved forever.

BILL WHEAT would have liked that. In a sense it is a bit tragic that he had to depart on the long journey before the crucial issues of today have been resolved. The Nation and the world is beset with difficult problems. There is tumult of spirit and anxiety in the soul as one contemplates global conflict with all the bitter duty it requires. There is distress of spirit as one thinks of the problems which will be born out of the war. He would like to have remained and helped in that disposition but, like the soldier of 1862, the fortuities of this existence called him away, and could he have fashioned the inscription for himself he, too, would have said "This side of my monument I dedicate to the sacred cause of liberty; may it be preserved forever."

Goodbye old colleague, as you march through that portal and into the last thoroughfare that leads to the republic

of spirit. We shall ever remember your gentility, your fellowship and service, and the noble way in which you enriched those about you.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Arends].

Mr. ARENDS. Mr. Speaker, our colleague and friend BILL WHEAT has answered the last call. Those of us who knew him over the years and were privileged to serve with him in the House of Representatives learned to love and respect him.

For many years our departed friend carried on an active business life in the town of Rantoul, Ill., which is but 25 miles from my home. I knew BILL WHEAT then, when he was active, vigorous, and a most prominent business figure in the life of central Illinois.

In 1938 he was elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress as Representative from the Nineteenth District. He was reelected to the Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Congresses. To say that he served his country and district well is a statement no one can challenge. Always uppermost in his mind was a determination to do his job to the very best of his ability. He carried on at times when he might better have been more considerate of his own well-being.

BILL was a gentleman, a great and loyal patriot, an able legislator, and a true friend. His passing is a loss to our Nation, the State of Illinois, and to his district. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to his fine family.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Reed].

Mr. REED of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, the messenger of death has again brought sorrow into this chamber. BILL WHEAT in the quiet, unobtrusive manner that characterized his life, endeared himself to the Members of this and the preceding Congresses in which he served.

We of Illinois, and those Members from other States with whom he was intimate, will always remember him as a kind, unselfish, lovable man.

As a legislator, he was conscientious—he was courageous—he was sound.

Faithful to the trust imposed in him by the citizens of his State, loyal to the principles which he believed were for the betterment of the Republic, courteous, helpful, and sincere in his relationship with fellow Members, his departure at this time is a loss that this body can ill afford to sustain.

Although his name will henceforth be omitted from the roll, the record of his devotion to public duty will remain forever and to us, his colleagues, memory of his estimable character will remain a treasured asset.

Farewell, dear friend, none can fill your seat
Within the sacred circle of our love
And so we'll count you present when we meet
And greet you once again in realms above.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Vinson].

Mr. VINSON of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, it was a great shock to me to learn of the sudden death of our esteemed and beloved colleague, the Honorable WILLIAM H. WHEAT, of Illinois.

As you know, he has been a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs for a number of years, and it was my privilege to work with him closely from day to day, and to know him intimately and well. I, and the other members of my committee, formed a deep and lasting attachment for him.

Mr. WHEAT was quiet and unassuming in his manner, dignified and judicial in his bearing, and possessed of a sweetness of character which enabled him to make friends easily, and to bind them to him with hoops of steel, strong even unto death. He performed every task we asked of him effectively and well. He gave unstintingly of his time to the affairs of the committee, even to the extent, perhaps, of overtaxing his strength. His judgment was of help in many an important decision. He thought right, and acted accordingly. He was one upon whom I could, and did, rely.

Our distinguished colleague's death will be a real loss to the Committee on Naval Affairs, to the Congress, to the great State of Illinois, and to our country. We shall miss his kind word and gentle manner.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to his beloved wife and his fine son, now serving his country in the armed service.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Mason].

Mr. MASON. Mr. Speaker, the death of our colleague, BILL WHEAT, brings to my mind the consolation that is given in the

poem entitled "There Is No Death." I offer the consolation that is contained in that poem to you, his colleagues, and to his family:

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.
There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful familiar forms
That we have learned to love
Are torn from our embracing arms;
Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread
We bear their senseless dust to earth,
And say that they are dead.
They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere
Tho' disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet:
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And we, his colleagues in the House, will not forget our associations with BILL WHEAT for many, many years to come.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Sabath].

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, the State of Illinois and the whole countrp also have lost a noble, sincere, loyal, patriotic, and affable Member of Congress. Mr. WHEAT, banker and farmer, served his State and the country with singular devotion and intelligence. All his time here was given unstintedly to the best interests of the people of the whole Nation; and the people of the important district he represented with unexcelled success are as one in their mourning the loss of such an able and dependable legislator.

I have served with a great many men in this honorable body, but I have never met a more gentlemanly, scholarly, and lovable man than BILL WHEAT, of Rantoul.

The Nineteenth District of Illinois has been represented by four able men during my service here, V. Warner, of De Witt County, William B. McKinley, of Champaign County and President Taft's campaign manager, Mr. Donald Dobbins, of Champaign County, and, lastly, Mr. WHEAT; and Mr. WHEAT was the equal of either of his predecessors.

I, too, was shocked when I heard of his passing. Unfortunately, we were deprived of his vast, successful experience in this House the last few weeks, due to his illness. I, like his other myriad friends, had very earnestly hoped that he would recover and be with us again in full vigor; but that pleasure has been denied us.

I join all my colleagues in lamenting his passing. I know that the people of the district he had the honor to represent, and which he represented with singular dignity, devotion, and loyalty, will miss him as much as we. So will his good family.

I understand he had only one child, a son, and that fine son, without waiting to be inducted, enlisted in the service of his country. That is the WHEAT make-up. In so doing he simply did as his eminent father would have done except for his age.

I hope at some future date to have the opportunity of expressing my thorough sentiments with reference to this splendid deceased Member of the House of Representatives, whose traditions he so well understood and whose principles he so luminously expounded.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the distinguished majority leader [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. MCCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, the messenger of death has again visited this body. Each and every one of us is deeply

moved and touched in the passing on of not only a colleague, but of our late beloved friend, BILL WHEAT.

Many years ago, a poet said, among other things, "Each man hath a' many faces."

The face of our late friend that I shall always remember is the face of a gentleman, the face of one who was always tolerant with his fellowmen, and who always exercised to the fullest extent humanly possible those fine elements that make up a true gentleman; also the face of a sincere legislator, one whom his people honored. He assumed his trust in a gentlemanly, sincere, and effective manner.

"Each man hath a' many faces," said the poet; and BILL WHEAT'S face of the gentleman, of the sincere and constructive legislator, will always remain in the memories of those of us who had the honor and pleasure of serving with him.

To the loved ones, whom he has left behind, I join with my colleagues, particularly the Illinois delegation, in extending my sympathy. His district has lost a man who commanded respect; a man who, as an outstanding legislator, has left his imprint on the passage of time. His State and our country has sustained a great loss in the passing on of BILL WHEAT.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Howell].

Mr. HOWELL. Mr. Speaker, certainly it is always a sad task to acknowledge the departure of a Member of this distinguished body, but it is doubly difficult to acknowledge the loss of one who is a particularly close friend, as BILL WHEAT was to me, not only due to the fact that our congressional districts join in the heart of central Illinois, but because I spent my early life, and my family still resides, in the district which Mr. WHEAT represented. In that district is located some of the finest agricultural land to be found anywhere in the world; the University of Illinois and other fine educational institutions; the churches, the industries, and all of those things which personify a real American congressional district

and represented by BILL WHEAT in a manner in keeping with its interests and the high character of its citizens.

It has been my privilege to know Mr. WHEAT for many years prior to coming to Congress, and even before being honored by my constituents to sit in these halls with the other representatives of the American people, I had come to love and respect his gentle manner and high qualities of character.

From him I gained some of my earliest impressions of Congress and the city of Washington—all of which I now recognize because of BILL WHEAT'S honest appraisals.

On my first day in Washington, it was a great personal pleasure for me to be greeted by him in his warm and friendly way. Since then our friendship has continued to grow to the point where I can sincerely say, "BILL WHEAT was one of the finest friends I have ever known."

Our frequent trips to and from the office together were always a source of companionship and pleasure to me, and while his health had not been the best for some time, he faithfully stayed at his job from day to day. He could easily have remained away, which on many days his own best interests demanded—yet his sense of duty and responsibility to the people of his district kept him constantly in their service.

The good people he so ably and diligently represented have suffered an irreparable loss, the State and Nation a great public servant, and all of us who knew him well, a good and sincere friend.

It was my privilege also to know Mrs. Wheat and to know their son. In acknowledging his passing today, in paying tribute to the fine qualities he possessed as an individual and as a splendid representative of the Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois, certainly our hearts go out to his loved ones.

To his lovely wife, whose personality and tender qualities of character made her a perfect counterpart for him and his splendid son, Pvt. James H. Wheat, I extend the heart-

felt sympathy and sincere condolences of myself and Mrs. Howell, to whom he and they have also been so very kind.

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond the light lies still;
Very willing and weary feet
Go over that sill.

There is nothing to trouble any heart;
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Michener].

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, when the House adjourned on Friday last, Representative WILLIAM H. WHEAT was with us. Apparently in his usual health, he was interested and active in the tasks of the day. Little did he realize then that we would be called upon today to think of him in retrospect.

I think I first met BILL WHEAT at a Republican national convention a number of years ago. When he came to Washington as a Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress I renewed that acquaintance and we became great friends. We lived at the same hotel. I saw him and talked with him daily, and the more I saw of him and the better I became acquainted with him, the more I was impressed by him.

A man of unusual ability, of sound judgment, a trained banker, an experienced businessman, he was an asset to the Congress. He was not arbitrary. He was a practical man. He realized that great public questions are usually two-sided and that most legislation is a matter of compromise. He was always tolerant of the views of others and ever ready to concede, provided fundamental principle was not involved. He was not spectacular. He was real and thought always of accomplishment as distinguished from publicity. BILL

WHEAT'S word was always as good as his bond. He had a splendid personality. His integrity was above reproach. He was always gentle, patient, and kind to those with whom he came in contact. He was one of the best known and most beloved Members of the Congress. It, therefore, naturally follows that he will be greatly missed. The world is better because BILL WHEAT lived in it. The people of his district honored him, because they believed in him, and the Congress respected him because his conduct here compelled such respect.

In short, Mr. Speaker, one of our outstanding Members has gone to the Great Beyond, and it is with sad hearts that we extend to the very capable and charming wife and the splendid son our genuine sympathy. The memory of BILL WHEAT will linger with us long.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Church].

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT was one of the kindest, friendliest, and sincerest individuals whom is has been my privilege to meet throughout my entire service in public life. He began his service here in the Seventy-sixth Congress during my third term. I shall never forget him.

Outstanding in his career is BILL WHEAT'S sympathetic and unselfish concern for the other fellow. Only last week BILL, while sitting over there in his seat, asked me about the welfare of my sons, Bill and Ralph, Jr., now in the service, and of my daughter in school, and of Mrs. Church, all of whom he knew. He was always solicitous of the well-being of those whom he knew, never sparing himself or his health when there was a service he could render.

The sympathies of all go out to his fine wife and his family. His son, Jim, in the service, was able to arrive here by plane to be at his mother's side in her bereavement.

The congressional district which BILL has so well represented three terms can feel proud of his record. Illinois and the Nation have lost a fine Christian statesman.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Thomason].

Mr. THOMASON. Mr. Speaker, I do not want this record to close today without at least a brief tribute from me to a man whom I regarded as a fine citizen and a great friend. One of the closest friends I have is Col. William Lanagan, of the United States Air Corps. He was for a long time stationed at the Rantoul, Ill., Army air base. When WILLIAM H. WHEAT and his charming wife came to Washington my friend Lanagan gave them a letter of introduction to my wife and me, and from that introduction there developed a warm and a close friendship. There was no finer or more gentle soul in this House than BILL WHEAT. He was kind, generous, and tolerant. He had not been in good health for some time, but he was always happy, cheerful, and friendly. He was a modest, unassuming man, and few knew of his many kind deeds. The gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Dirksen] well expressed it when he said he always went about scattering sunshine. He was a great American, and the kind of a citizen we can ill afford to lose in these trying days.

The country has sustained a great loss. I know the people of his district will miss him. His many friends in this House will miss him. And to his charming wife, one of the loveliest women I know in this city, I am sure I voice your sentiments in extending to her and to her fine son now in the Air Corps our very deep and abiding sympathy.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Grant].

Mr. GRANT of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, the State of Illinois and the Nation have suffered an irreplaceable loss in the untimely passing of our beloved colleague, WILLIAM H. WHEAT.

BILL WHEAT, as he was called by all who knew him, was a devoted public servant, a thorough American, and the finest friend that any man could claim. BILL came to Congress with some 80 new Republican Members following the elections

of 1938. We of that group organized a weekly dinner meeting that has brought us even closer together than could come from the associations of the normal working days.

To know BILL WHEAT was to respect him and to love him. He was always thoughtful of the other fellow and always anxious to go out of his way to spread a bit of happiness in the paths of those about him.

He leaves behind him a charming and devoted companion, and their son, Jim, and his family. Jim volunteered, and is now serving in the Army Air Corps at Stout Field, in Indiana.

To his family and his host of friends we send our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sorrow. All of them, however, should take a great deal of pride in the fact that this old world is a better place for all of us for BILL WHEAT having been with us these many years.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Rankin].

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, like all the rest who knew him, I was deeply grieved and shocked to learn of the passing of our colleague from Illinois, Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT, one of the most beloved characters I have ever known.

During these trying times when representative government is on trial, when evil forces throughout the world are battering at the very foundations of our system of government and our way of life it is a pleasure, indeed, to know and to be associated with such men as WILLIAM WHEAT, one of the most conscientious and patriotic Members with whom any man ever served. His entire family was engaged in winning this war—he as a Representative of the State of Illinois on this floor, his only son as a private in the Air Corps, and Mrs. Wheat as a member of that bloc of congressional wives who meet at the Library of Congress every day and roll bandages for our wounded men.

In the last few months three distinguished men who have served the Nineteenth District of Illinois in this House since

I have been a Member of Congress have passed away. One was Hon. Charlie Adkins, whom you all knew, one of the most affable and irresistible individuals I have ever met. Another was Hon. Donald C. Dobbins, one of the ablest and most courageous men who ever occupied a seat in this body, certainly since I have been a Member of the House; and now, our distinguished and lovable friend, Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT.

There are some things that cannot be taken away from us. Among them are the golden memories that we build around the lives and characters of those colleagues we love and admire. The memories of these distinguished men, so far as I am concerned, will never die. I believe it was Thomas Moore, the great Irish poet, who said—

> Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy.
> Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
> Which come in the nighttime of sorrow and care,
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
>
> Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
> Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled;
> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of roses will hang round it still.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from Illinois [Miss Sumner].

Miss SUMNER of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, because our dear friend WILLIAM WHEAT who was always so genial and cordial was also a man of fine character and ability his loss is not merely our loss, it is also the loss of the American Nation which he served.

We shall not see him here again sitting across there on the side aisle surrounded by colleagues who loved to sit near and hear his shrewd comments. But we can keep with us always the principles of good citizenship which he strived to uphold.

He was a kind husband, father, and grandfather. He so lived that when, after proving his excellence in private life, he offered his services to the public, the neighbors who knew him best fought hardest to elect him.

He brought to our National Legislature his ripe experience, his thorough understanding of human nature and his mature wisdom upon which many of us here leaned heavily for guidance. Knowing that his health was breaking he did not hesitate to sacrifice himself. He served on the important Naval Affairs Committee of Congress. He performed many duties which he might easily have avoided doing. He truly believed in the ideals which have made the American Nation a great Nation and worked for them.

Some mortals want for themselves a resplendent immortality in which they shall tread golden streets and sing with angels. Our friend had the greatness of humility. He would, I think, feel rewarded to know that when he left this earth, his multitude of friends paused in their work, meditated upon his many fine and Christian qualities and resolved to emulate them.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Fellows].

Mr. FELLOWS. Mr. Speaker, I ask for a few moments of time that I may do all that is permitted me to do for a friend—speak a few words.

I have been a Member of this House one term and part of another. It has been a priceless privilege to know and call friends many Members on both sides of the aisle, and yet, as these friends drop away, one by one, each with a piece of one's heart about him, the thought crowds in—what a price we pay for this privilege of membership.

In the death of WILLIAM H. WHEAT I feel a deep sense of personal loss.

It is not here that any just appreciation in detail of his services, his public worth, or even his private character be said; but we are met here as his associates and friends to place upon his grave the sweet tribute of friendly recognition.

Those human qualities which endear one to his friends were his, and that sturdiness of character bred in the son of a clergyman but made his hold on our hearts the stronger.

He was gentle, generous, and kind.

Gentleness was his daily life. He won with few words. He disarmed prejudice by the potency of a gracious personality. Seldom did he call attention to himself, but his absence from a group immediately made and will ever make itself felt. I cannot believe he has gone from us, for there was a gentle, permanent reality that was as much a part of himself as his kindly smile and twinkling eyes.

With him generosity was almost a fault. No opportunity to help passed by him unnoticed, and no appeal that was worthy fell upon deaf ears.

Kindness was not only a habit with WILLIAM WHEAT, it was a part of him. For 2 years we occupied offices close together, and his thought was to make my road easier to travel and life less difficult to understand. I had been in Washington but a few days when he invited me to his office to meet a gathering of his friends. Many of those acquaintances have ripened into strong attachments, and, I hope, abiding friendships, for only these make life worth the living.

His was a personality that attracted and held men to him. He knew that the secret of making friends is to be one. He loved companionship.

To those whom he represented in Congress he devoted his life, and he served them capably, honestly, and well. He believed in America and possessed an abiding faith in her system of government and free enterprise.

In his death our country has lost a good citizen, his State of Illinois has lost an outstanding Representative, and we have all lost a good friend. I would that some word or act of mine today might for his sorrowing family soften the awful sense of loss.

I can only say at the last, and feel with the author of these lines—

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon does with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth,
But yet I know where'er I go
That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Lanham].

Mr. LANHAM. Mr. Speaker, in our times of sorrow it is not possible to find words to express the emotions of the heart. Especially does this seem true with reference to the passing of our beloved friend, WILLIAM WHEAT. I doubt if a sweeter character ever served in these Halls. I prized and cherished his friendship and his conscientious devotion to the performance of his duties.

Several persons related to him live in my home city. They are citizens of the finest type, some of whom in the armed forces are rendering distinguished service for our country.

He has gone to "that land from whose bourne no traveler returns," a land to which we all shall go, and there through a similar transition some day we shall learn that our association with him is in recess and not in adjournment.

Some years ago, in an effort to pen a few lines of hope and cheer for the family of another beloved friend who had been called to his reward, I wrote these little verses, and they would be my message now to him who has just passed through the portal of death into that better and brighter life:

Goodbye, good friend.
In God's good time,
In God's good clime,
We'll meet again.

And in that land
Where we shall know
No pain or woe,
We'll understand.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Chiperfield].

Mr. CHIPERFIELD. Mr. Speaker, it was with profound sorrow and a keen sense of personal loss I learned of the passing of WILLIAM H. WHEAT, our beloved colleague from the Nineteenth District of Illinois.

BILL, as he was affectionately known by his friends, was a fine public servant, a true American, and a friend of all who knew him. BILL and I came to Congress at the same time and my association with him over a period of 5 years in the House will always be a happy memory. He endeared himself to me and to all who had the privilege of knowing him.

BILL was quiet and unassuming in his manner but stood firm as a rock for the principles which he believed were for the betterment of our Republic.

He gave unstintingly of his time to the Naval Affairs Committee, of which he was a member, even to the extent of undermining his health. His passing is a distinct loss not only to us of Illinois but to the Nation.

I join with my colleagues in extending my sympathy to his family. We will miss his friendliness and his human qualities which endeared him to us all.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Bishop].

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege and honor to meet the Honorable WILLIAM H. WHEAT when I first came to Congress, and since that time he has been a dear friend and a respected colleague. He was, indeed, a big brother at all times, and I always found his advice and counsel of great value.

BILL WHEAT was a leader in every way. The entire Illinois delegation admired and respected him as one of our outstanding statesmen of today, feeling his decisions on matters were of great importance.

His passing is an irreplaceable loss to each of us.

I know I shall miss his quiet and soft-spoken manner more than I can express.

His loving wife, his dear son, and his fine grandchildren can always be proud of this grand person.

May his soul rest in everlasting peace.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Burgin].

Mr. BURGIN. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in mourning the death of BILL WHEAT, and express my sympathy to his good wife. We both came to this body at the same time, found quarters at the same hotel, and have lived there ever since. Soon after I met him, he told me that his forebears came from Yadkin County, which is located in my congressional district in North Carolina, and migrated west prior to the War between the States. Of course, after this I felt a particular interest in him, and a friendship grew up that has lasted until his death. He was a very genuine American, and the people of his district and the Members of this body will miss his fine services in the consideration of the great problems that confront us.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Dewey].

Mr. DEWEY. Mr. Speaker, I join with all of the friends of BILL WHEAT in the splendid things they have said of his character. I should like to add one other word, and that is as to his courage. BILL WHEAT died in the service of his country, just as much as did some of our splendid boys on the fighting line. He had not been well for several months. A number of us, his colleagues, cautioned him in the fear that he was overdoing. He never spared himself for a moment. He gave his all to his country, the service of his State and this House. In his passing we have lost a fine example of a Member of the Congress of the United States. I mourn his going.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Busbey].

Mr. BUSBEY. Mr. Speaker, although I did not have the privilege of knowing BILL WHEAT until a year ago this month, when I came to take my seat in this body, I believe that in that year I learned to know and love him a great deal more than some others who may have known him for a longer period of time. It happened that BILL WHEAT represented that district in the central part of Illinois in which I was born and spent those very happy childhood days, the district where my father also was born, and to which my grandfather moved in 1840. This naturally caused a common bond between BILL WHEAT and me. But more than that, he was one of the first Members of this body to call on me at my office and extend a helping hand and advice in many helpful ways. He also invited me to the 76 Club, of which he was a member, which was the first invitation I received on coming to Washington. There he introduced me to his colleagues of the 76 Club in order that I might become acquainted with the Members of this House in that club. At all times he was very solicitous of my welfare and wanted to help me in every possible way. While that was my experience, I am sure others in this House can testify in like manner.

It was indeed a shock to Mrs. Busbey and to me as we listened to the radio last night, to receive word that BILL had passed away. Mrs. Busbey, like the other congressional wives working in their Red Cross unit, enjoyed working with Mrs. Wheat very, very much.

I join my colleagues and the friends of BILL WHEAT in offering my deepest sympathy to his family in this their hour of bereavement. To know him was to know a friend. His passing is a loss to an entire Nation.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Simpson].

Mr. SIMPSON of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM WHEAT'S father served as a Methodist minister in my home county in Illinois for many years. Coming to Washington as a new

Member of this body last January, a father could not have been more considerate or finer than Mr. WHEAT was to me. He was never too busy to advise or consult with a friend. His advice could always be relied upon and was for one's own good. His passing will be missed by all of us and his family most deeply.

Mr. WHEAT constantly had his district, the Nation, and his friends at heart. Had he not taken his duties so seriously he no doubt would be with us today. Several times each week he would ride to and from his office with me. Frankly, knowing him as I did, I cannot help but feel that he worked his heart out. He continued with his duties when he should have relaxed. Surely such faithfulness to his family, country, district, and friends will not go without its reward.

It seems that Edgar Guest's poem, At the Last, represents how all of us feel.

There is so little to be said
Within the presence of the dead;
Altho so calm and still they lie
They know what friends are standing by
Whose eyes are filled with tears and who
Have hurried in their tasks to do.

The years have taught them all these things;
Who heeds the door bell when it rings,
Who is the first to come and stay
And kneel beside the bier and pray;
They know whose hands the flowers arranged
And if they didn't 'twould be strange.

If love has prompted us to give
Devoted service while they lived
They know that we will carry on
And still be true altho they're gone;
They know we'll do the last sad tasks
Which love or friendship ever asks.

There is so little to be said
Within the presence of the dead,
For always in the lonely room
Made lovely by a bower of bloom
Their peaceful faces seem to say
"I knew that you'd be here today."

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 legislative days in which to extend their remarks upon the life and character of our late colleague, and that they be entered at this point.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, the body of our late colleague is resting now in the Lee Funeral Home, at Fourth and Massachusetts Avenue NE., and it is the purpose of many of our friends to meet there at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. HEIDINGER. Mr. Speaker, I was deeply shocked yesterday morning when I called to inquire about my distinguished friend and colleague, WILLIAM H. WHEAT, and was advised that he had passed away only a few hours before. I have long known of BILL WHEAT, as we all loved to call him, but was not personally acquainted with him until I became a Member of this House. When I first came to Washington a few days before the convening of the Seventy-seventh Congress I met him. He called me to his office and said to me that if he could be of any service to me he would be glad to do so. I became intimately acquainted with him and he was one of my best friends. He was always willing to do anything he could to assist a friend.

BILL WHEAT was a man of good judgment and an untiring worker. He was of a quiet and unassuming disposition with a desire to serve. He was honest and firm in his convictions, but he always respected the views of others. He had no enemies that I know of and he did not deserve to have any, for he was fair and charitable in his dealings with all. His ambition was to do the right thing for his fellow men and his country.

It can truthfully be said of BILL WHEAT that he was a devoted husband and father, a good neighbor, a businessman of sound judgment, a true American, a gentleman in every sense of the term. In his passing his home community has

lost a good neighbor, the State of Illinois has lost one of its most distinguished citizens, the Nation has lost a faithful public servant and each Member of this House has lost a true friend.

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, I am heartsick and hurt at the loss of my dear friend Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT. The passing of this able and kindly man leaves many wounded hearts among his colleagues.

Representative WILLIAM H. WHEAT, of the Nineteenth Illinois Congressional District, was a man of tender heart, fine sensibilities and wide sympathies, all enkindled and stimulated by a Christian spirit of love for his fellow men. The influence of such a noble character will live on and go far toward creating the finest type of American citizen during the coming generations.

While I mourn the passing of my friend, nevertheless, he has left to his family, to his State, and to his Nation the rich heritage of a good name and a useful life.

Mr. SHORT. Mr. Speaker, BILL WHEAT was born in Missouri. I do not think that the good Lord will hold that against him—certainly BILL was never ashamed of it himself. While Mr. WHEAT lived most of his life in our great sister State of Illinois, and there achieved his greatest success, he often referred with pardonable pride, I believe, to the fact that he was born in the "show me" State, and Missouri indeed feels it an honor to count him as one of her native sons. We feel that Missouri gave him a good start which was later aided and brought to full fruition in Illinois. Our deceased colleague in a real sense belonged not only to Missouri and Illinois but to the Nation as a whole because of his wide outlook on big and important questions.

Soon after his election to the Seventy-sixth Congress, BILL WHEAT called at my office and reminded me that I had spoken several years before at Decatur, Champaign, and other points in his congressional district. He expressed his gratitude for

my feeble efforts, though I had little or nothing to do with his own election. This little incident, however, only goes to show how appreciative a person he was. He was one of the most human individuals I have ever known which accounts for his sympathetic understanding of all our problems.

Determined but not dogmatic; quiet but unafraid; unassuming but ever willing to face any difficult problem, BILL WHEAT was a man of strong character who reflected the intelligent and sturdy type of citizenry which he represented. In his district are located the great University of Illinois at Champaign and one of our largest air training centers at Rantoul. He knew all kinds and classes of people—from the commanding officer to the greenest rookie; from the university president to the forlorn and forgotten freshman. BILL WHEAT was a friend to all of them and his reward was the high confidence they had in him and the great respect they held for him. Essentially his district is agricultural and thousands of farmers have been the recipients of his consideration and kindness.

BILL WHEAT lived a useful and helpful life. What greater tribute could be paid to this quiet, modest, and unostentatious man? There was strength in his quietness. His tongue remained silent long enough for his brain to work—and his brain did work. He was a most successful banker and businessman, and more than once did he help his friends in time of need. Never did he take advantage of anyone's sorrowful plight.

The older Members of this House will recall how seriously ill BILL was 4 or 5 years ago. I personally felt that he would never survive that terrible ordeal, and only one with his infinite patience and his indomitable courage could ever have won that battle. While Mr. WHEAT recovered rather fully from that illness, he was never again the same. For the past few months he has worked when he should have been in bed, and on numerous occasions when I asked him how he felt he would answer me, "fine, fine." But the little twinkle

in his eye and the faint smile at the corner of his mouth told me that he was fibbing. In fact, I accused him of lying and I firmly believe that this is perhaps the only kind of lie he ever told.

Mr. Speaker, the Congress has lost one of its worthy and useful Members. Illinois and the Nation have lost a courageous legislator and a great patriot. His charming, gracious, and helpful wife has lost a faithful and devoted husband, and his fine and noble son, who gave up a successful and lucrative law practice and who voluntarily left his good wife and two beautiful children to enter as a private in the Air Corps of our Army, has lost a father whose life, desires, and ambitions were largely wrapped up in him.

To Mrs. Wheat, one of the loveliest women who ever came to this capital, and to her patriotic and unselfish son, the Members of this Congress extend their heartfelt sympathy. The pride of power and the glamor of fame had no appeal to BILL WHEAT. His controlling desire and purpose in life was to take care of his own household first, for whom he was immediately responsible, and then to lend a helping hand to all mankind. Such spirit can never end at any grave. His memory will linger on and our associations with him will forever be cherished.

Oh, love, true love, pure love, the King of kings, the soul's sweet starlight; strength of the weak, salvation of the doomed—the God of every man, be with us yet lest we forget, lest we forget.

Mr. CHENOWETH. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join with my colleagues in paying tribute to the memory of WILLIAM H. WHEAT. I was shocked when I learned this morning of his untimely death.

During the first 2 years of my service in this body Mr. WHEAT had his office just across the hall from mine. We visited with each other often. I sought his counsel and advice

frequently. He was always of a genial and friendly disposition, and anxious to help the younger Members of the House.

By his passing this Nation has suffered a great loss. His services were sorely needed at this critical hour. He will be remembered by all of us as a true and genuine friend. I extend my deep personal sympathy to the widow and son.

Mr. ALLEN of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution (H. Res. 396), which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT, a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee to attend the funeral: Mr. Chiperfield, Mr. Howell, Mr. Simpson of Illinois, and Mr. Schuetz.

The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, January 18, 1944, at 12 o'clock noon.

TUESDAY, *January 18, 1944.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 237):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT, late a representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *January 17, 1944.*

A message from the House of Representatives by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT, late a Representative from the State of Illinois, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 396) was read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
January 17, 1944.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT, a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, at the request of the junior Senator from Illinois [Mr. BROOKS], who is unavoidably absent, I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 237) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and uanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. WHEAT, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Represenative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause the Presiding Officer appointed Mr. Lucas and Mr. Brooks members of the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move, on behalf of the junior Senator from Illinois [Mr. Brooks], that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 6 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, January 18, 1944, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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